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Needing, on one occasion, to provide several quarts of salt solution in a country house where I had neither filter-paper nor Florentine flasks, I strained the solution through absorbent cotton into lithia-water bottles and then broke several bottles by trying to boil their contents in them, as we do with the flasks. Finally I set the bottles of solution into a foottub of water, having the water as high outside the bottles as the solution inside; this was then boiled vigorously for several hours. The solution itself did not at any time boil, but the doctor inspected the arrangement and was satisfied with the result. Probably other private nurses have better ways of doing this, and will be willing to describe their methods for the general good, that the JOURNAL may become the greatest help to private workers everywhere, and fulfil that excellent motto of a well-known monthly magazine, "From every man according to his ability; to every man according to his needs."

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### **"ONE TIME, ONE TROUBLE"**

By F. RAVEN KING

Graduate City Hospital, Boston

"SHAVER'S ALLEY" was one of the darkest, dirtiest, dingiest alleys of the North End, with a long, narrow entrance. Away up in the remotest corner of it, tucked away behind three other houses, was a low wooden house consisting of four tenements. Two large, square, flat stones served as steps to the entrance, and on the day the doctor first went there the door was swinging in very feeble fashion on one hinge. It seemed so particularly feeble that he did not dare to rap upon it, but stood at the entrance and called into space, "Is the doctor wanted here?"

There was a sound of another door being opened from the darkness within, and an apparition like a feather-bed tied in the middle made its appearance. On the top of the feather-bed was a head which resembled a mop as nearly as anything could. The hair was uncombed, and the face beneath it looked as if it did not very often come into contact with water. Yet she (for it was a woman) had a great, fat smile of welcome as she pointed into the darkness, saying, "Tony dreadful sick."

The doctor groped his way past an ice-chest in the hall, and after feeling carefully where he thought the door might be, he finally found a handle, which he turned and went in, followed by the nurse, the feather-bed lady, and several children of various ages.

The door led to the kitchen. Beyond the kitchen was a room which

presented a unique appearance. Two large bedsteads occupied one-half of it, with just space enough to spare for one to squeeze oneself between them; a cradle, in which was a baby all rolled up in yards of cloth, was at the foot of one of the beds, and a cot was pushed against the wall on the other side of the room, with a table at the foot of that, underneath which was a box with a monkey in it. There were three other children in the room besides Tony, the baby, and his mother and the feather-bed lady, with her young family.

One glance at Tony showed his "dreadful sickness" to be measles. No sooner did the feather-bed lady get it into her head that it was "catching" than she cleared out, shoving her children in front of her. Tony's mother, however, being of a practical turn of mind and saver of labor, remarked: "Me no care; all de chillen sick one time, one trouble." Reasoning with her in the endeavor to persuade her that some of the children might escape was to no purpose; she had "one time, one trouble" in her head, and there it remained; and it finally ended in "one time, one trouble," as each day the "doctor lady" called another child was down, until all were sick.

The family took their misfortune very cheerfully. In fact, their mother would say in a tone of voice as though she were announcing a gratifying event, "Angelina got de measles to-day," or, "Patsy got dem." One could not venture an expression of sympathy, as the least hint of such a thing was met with "Me no care; one time, one trouble."

One morning, however, Tony senior met the "doctor lady" with woe pictured in every feature of his face. It seemed to her that nothing short of a death in the family could have caused him to look as he did, and she was about to ask if such were the case, when he grasped her by the arm. "Come and see de monk. He too muchy sick." In vain she protested that she must see the children first. With a wild look of anxiety on his face, he gesticulated and jabbered: "No! No! De monk too muchy sick. Chillen no cost me notin'. De monk, he cost me thirty dollar."

"De monk" certainly presented a forlorn appearance. Crouched in one corner of his cage, which was then upon the kitchen table, with his head buried in his hands and his eyes running water, he looked a miserable specimen of his race. The "doctor lady," who had made up her mind pretty thoroughly that she would have to do some lively guessing, forgot to be surprised in the delight of finding that she knew what the trouble was, for "de monk" was covered with measles.

The discovery was appalling to Tony senior. He wept and wrung his hands. "Thirty dollar! Thirty dollar!" he ejaculated. The children? In his grief he would have parted with them all if the sacrifice

would have benefited "de monk." They had cost him "notin';" but "de monk? Thirty dollar!" Even practical Mrs. Tony forgot her "one time, one trouble." This was too much trouble. To her this was worse than death. Not only was he a "thirty-dollar" monk, but he went out with the organ and got the pennies. The case was an important one. The "doctor lady's" treatment, however, was simple. She merely covered his cage with one of Mrs. Tony's skirts and prescribed plenty of milk and water.

For two or three days Tony sat on the stone steps the picture of misery. His parting question daily was, "You come an' see de monk to-morrow?" The baby was very, very ill, but, poor little thing, he belonged to the "no-cost-me-notin'" class and did not count for much.

Shaver's Alley is a thing of the past. "De monk" and his family have moved to other quarters. But the "doctor lady" never passes the place where Shaver's Alley used to be without thinking of the "thirty-dollar monk" and the valueless children.

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## **ELECTRICITY AS A REMEDIAL AGENT IN NERVOUS DISEASES**

BY ALICE LUCAS

Graduate Clifton Springs Sanitarium

MORE and more as the prejudice against the internal administration of drugs has come into vogue have nerve specialists and doctors in general substituted other methods as remedial agents in nervous diseases. The fact that many cases of nervous trouble may be due to the taking of drugs, or through loss of weakened bodily or mental force acquire the habit, has made wideawake thinkers look for some natural, rational, and positive methods of cure. Among the systems of therapeutics based entirely upon drugless methods may be mentioned mechanical and hand massage, suggestive therapeutics, electro-therapeutics, vibration, hydrotherapy, hot air, X-ray, violet or ultra-violet rays, electric-light baths, thermal baths, static, Galvanic, and Faradic electricity. Of all these probably none are so popular or effective as the electric treatments, because of the variety of ways in which they may be administered. Much still remains to be learned in order to tell definitely what electricity really is; yet we know that it is a natural force that has always existed, found in the atmosphere surrounding us, within our own bodies in greater or less degree, and generated in every motion and